AN

IRREGULAR ODE

BEING

The First POEM made on the CORONATION of His Most Sacred Majesty King *GEORGE*, in the Time of the Late Ministry, on *October* the 20th 1714. and then Inscribed to the most Ingenious Mr. *Addison*.

Solum Rex & Poeta *non quotannis Nascitur.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *W Boreham* at the *Angel* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1720. (*Price* 6*d.*)

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON King *GEORGE.*

Quod ſi me Lyricis Vatibus Inſeres
Sublimi feriam Sydera Vertice: Hor.

ALBION, Thou art the World's *Epitome*,
Fair Miniature, which the *Creating* Mind
Set in an *Em'rauld* Frame of *Circling* Sea
That he might view in *Small*, what his vaſt Word deſign'd,
When, with a *Fiat*, He gave Birth
To the huge Tract of habitable Earth.

With

With that great Work immenſly pleas'd
He ſpoke the *Fiat* o'er again,
That *Fiat* made *Thee* all,
That's in the mighty Ball,
By an Almighty Art contain.
Thy *Kings* were as his *Darling Proxies* ſent,
Each one an *Emblem* of the *Godhead* reign'd
And with a *Oneneſs* of Command
Sway'd o'er the *Britiſh* World, God's *better Continent.*
Firſt to that God, whom *Moiſes* ſelf doth call
The *Poet* of the *Univerſe*
Summon thy Prieſtly *Druids*, bid 'em all
In never dying Verſe
Hymns not leſs ſweet than *DAVID*'s, ſing,
For he is LORD of ev'ry *Lord*, and ev'ry *Monarch*'s KING,
To his *firſt great Inferiour* give the *Second* Praiſe
'Tis *GEORGE* that *next* t'all-good, that *next* t'Almighty Name
Bids

Bids thy Poetick Choirs bleſs their Lays
With an unequall'd Hallow'd Theme.
To make their Songs and my Deſires Parallel,
Bid them *themſelves*, as they the World excel.

II.

O *GEORGE! Nam'd* at thy *Baptiſm* for *England*'s Prince,
Viſible Patron of Britain! Subject immenſe!
Worthy *alone* of *ALBION*'s Hymning Choir;
And That *alone* worthy to ſing
Thee their *Beſt* King,
Nor *That*, unleſs with theirs, *Angelick* Tongues conſpire.
Bright *Abſtract* of all Royal Excellence,
If in this ever-happy Land,
Which only can be happy'r made by thy Command,
More BLESSINGS we, than all the World, enjoy
If ſafely garner'd *Here* they lie

In *Britain* GOD ALMIGHTY's *Treaſury*,
Well did *He* give this Land to *Thee*,
Thou glorious Prince, *well* did He give it *Thee*;
Thee, at whoſe *favourite* Birth,
Thoſe *happy Stars*, that did but *ſingly* ſhine
O'er each *aggrandiz'd* Potentate on Earth,
Did all in *Conſtellation* join,
To make one *wondrous* King *moſt* Like *HIMSELF*
Divine;
He *all* the *Bleſſings*, which *diſperſe*
Throughout the *various* Univerſe,
On *this* moſt Happy Land beſtow'd *alone*;
And then the *ſev'ral Gifts*, he had confer'd,
In ſuiting to *each* Realm a *Lord*,
He wiſely made *all* o'er again in *One*,
In *Thee* his *PAN-BASILICON*.

Now,

III.

Now, Now, at length the Number'd Hours
Prefix'd by the Decree of Heaven's high Powers,
Are come, they're come, and *GEORGE* alone
Is *Crown'd*, the nobleſt Theme Each *Britiſh* Muſe
Aſpiring to immortal Fame can chuſe;
They all both *dance* and *ſing* around his Throne.
But how ſhall any *human* Voice be rais'd
High as thoſe Notes, in which he ſhould be prais'd?
Up all the ſteep Aſcents of higher Time
Young Memory muſt go a Traveller,
And when ſhe doth begin to climb;
At ev'ry *famous* Age,
Which gave a Hero to the World's great Stage,
Make them all at once appear:
The Name of JUST wiſe *Ariſtides* Gain'd,

Phocion

Phocion in *Athens* had the Name of *Good*,
And *Antoninus canoniz'd* by Fame;
But *Alexander*, whom the WORLD *withſtood*
And which HE *conquer'd*, Got the *Higheſt* Name,
The Name of *GREAT*, He from the World obtain'd
Theſe, in my Thoughts, like *Demi-Gods* do ſhine;
Then how, *Great Sir*, then how are YOU *Divine*,
In whom, *Good Phocion*, *Pious Antonine*
And He ſirnam'd the *Juſt*, and He ſirnam'd the *Great*
Do *all* moſt *EMINENTLY meet*
To make YOUR *Name* beyond ALL *Names* on Eart
compleat?

IV.

Say *Muſe*, what Subjects ſhould a King like this
Enjoy, to pay him back his Share of Bliſs?
Duke Chandois. *BRIDGES*, whoſe Splendor all the World admire
Than whom, none greater in Magnificence,

Bu

But thoſe, whom the Revenue of a Crown,
Helps to bear up the Honour of a Prince,
Will add, if poſſible, to thy Renown.
He, He is one *great Subject* of thy Reign,
Whom for their *Lord* a Realm might gladden to obtain.
A wiſe and worthy Statesman will be ſoon
In *CRAGGS* to full matureneſs grown. Secretary Craggs
STANHOPE, who next thy Treaſury ſhall hold, Earl Stanhope
Will make thy great *Exchequer* ſhine,
Like ſome wealthy growing Mine,
To rival all the *INDIES* with its Gold.
Thy *Loyal COMMONS,* which to thy Entry did reſort.
Outſhine the *Nobles* of each ſplendid Court,
* *HANMER,* whom well the poliſh'd Nations call
Thy *BRITAIN'S* glorious *Orator,* Sr Thomas Hanmer.
Who, ever ſince he ſpoke, exceeded all,

* Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, at that time when the Houſe of Commons, Early and Chearfully ſettled the Royal Revenew, and who made the firſt Eloquent and Loyal Speech, in Praiſe of our Monarch, on his Acceſſion to the Imperial Crown of Great *Britain*

That flouriſhing *Rome* and learned *Greece*
Could boaſt, when Arts ſeem'd at their full Increaſe,
When firſt he ſpoke of *Thee*,
And to thy repreſenting Lords made *thy* great *Eulogy*,
Exceeded all *Himſelf* had ſaid before.
So did awful *Tully* look,
Did ſo exert his *artful* Tongue,
When he to *liſtning Senates* ſpoke,
The Praiſe that to *AUGUSTUS juſtly* did belong:
Long to *adorn* thy *Senate* may he live;
In *Him* the *Spirit* of thy *Nation* lives;
In *Him* the greateſt *Repreſentative*
Of all thy *Loyal* Peoples *Loyal Repreſentatives*.
O *glorious Prince!* O *glorious Subjects* too!
How many Bards ſhall I with Fervour woo?
All are too few of *Thee* and *Them* to ſing,
But yet Great *BRITAIN fertile* of the Muſe,

Will

Will make them *all* their *Offrings* bring
And does againſt the *Seaſon* num'rous *Bards* produce.

V.

In the firſt Rank of theſe ſhall POPE appear,
Our *Britiſh Pan*, whom *Rural Gods* attend,
In order as they rule the rolling Year:
At all the *various Seaſons*, he'll commend
WINDSOR, thy Calm retreat,
On which more *Noble Poems* he'll create,
When thou *uncumber'd* from *Affairs of State*,
Shall by *thy Preſence* make that Theme *more great*.
PHILIPS in Eclogue vers'd ſhall gain a curious Stile,
And be the *real Philips* of our Iſle,
And, with each Grace, that to his Lines belong,
He ſhall, at every *Honeſt Shepherd's* Song,
Make his *MÆCENAS* and *AUGUSTUS* ſmile

In

In Your *Metropolis*, when You reside,
And that, to be the *Guide* of Nations, *Guide*:
Then our ſublime and lofty *ADDISON*,
Brother of *Virgil*, *Homer*'s *ſecond* Son,
Shall for a Theme each *publick Action* take,
Each *publick Action* ſhall an *Iliad* make;
For he muſt be *the Man* to ſing thee *more than Man*,
That's own'd the *Druid*'s *Metropolitan*.

F I N I S.